

THE
CHINESE ORPHAN:
AN HISTORICAL
TRAGEDY.

Alter'd from a SPECIMEN of the
CHINESE TRAGEDY,
IN
DU HALDE's History of CHINA,
Interpers'd with
SONGS, after the Chinese manner.

*Ob! what a Mine of Mischief is a Statesman!
Ye furious Whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous Rocks,
Ye ministers of Death, devouring Fire,
Catastrophe Earthquakes, and plague-tainted Air,
All you are merciful and mild to him.*

SEWEI'S Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

LONDON.

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ЗИТ
КАПЕЧОВА
ДАСІЛОСРІНА
ІРДАРГ

ад. 10 кварталу Северного

железнодорожного

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Державна публічна бібліотека

міністерства освіти та науки України

Українська державна наукова бібліотека





To His G R A C E,
THE
D U K E of *A R G Y L E.*

My L O R D,

AD D E C A T I O N to your Grace, after
the publick Deference has been
paid you by one Part of the
Kingdom, and express'd by all, is like an
Attempt to illuminate the glorious Body of
the Sun with a Taper : 'Tis a solemn Piece
of impertinent Temerity : 'Tis a single
Huzza after the Acclamations of Millions.
The *Publick Voice* indeed, which is true
Fame, can only sound the Praises of *Publick*
Spirit; and such a Trumpeter of Patriot
Virtue is superior to the most refin'd

A a Touches

iv DEDICATION.

Touches of the ablest Panegyrist, ancient or modern. 'Tis only for moderate Merits to be manu'd with the fulsome Dung of Dedications: The Excellence of an ARGYLE is out of the Reach of private Eulogy: A Volume may record it for the Example of Posterity; but like blooming Fruit it cannot be handled without Loss: So comprehensive a Character, which unites all that is perfect in the Gentleman, the Nobleman, the Soldier, the Statesman, the Patriot, must suffer by Encomium; as in painting celestial Beings, we fall infinitely short of the Originals by Representation. Thus, my Lord, Projector-like, I have been raising Objections against myself, which I chuse rather to acknowledge insurmountable than defend.

But there is another Difficulty, which I tremble to mention; and that is, in presuming thus to approach your Grace without Allowance: Tho' in this I have the Authority of a very accomplish'd Nobleman to bear me out, who was of Opinion, that

D E D I C A T I O N

that asking for such a Permission was requesting a Person's Leave to flatter him, and consequently granting it to be flatter'd. Whether *Horace* observ'd that Puncilio or not to *Mæcenas*, is what I cannot take upon me to determine; and till some learned Dissertator shall undertake to settle the Practice of the Ancients in this particular to my Confusion, I hope for a gracious Forgiveness of my Transgression in addressing your Grace without a *Fiat*.

After such a high Sense of what is owing to your Grace, I shall not surely be so arrogant, or inconsistent with myself, to attempt any thing in the usual strain of Epistles-Dedicatory; and however this may bear the Name, I will be careful to avoid the Practice of the Thing. No, my Lord—
It is meant rather a Petition than an Address of Adulation, that your Grace would vouchsafe a kind of poetical Hospitality to a Stranger-Muse, a Native of a very remote Quarter of the World, and ambitious to be made a Denizen of *Parnassus*, by means
of

vi DEDICATION.

of your Grace's Influence. Such of the Productions of different Climates, whether of the Soil, or of the Brain, as yield Benefit or Entertainment to the Public, have been usually encouraged: *China* has furnish'd us long with the Produce of her Earth; with her Manufactures; and I am willing to flatter myself, the Importation of her Poetry will serve to regale in its Turn. It must be allow'd, the Specimen *du Halde* has given us of her Tragedy (on which this is founded) is very rude and imperfect; tho' I imagine there are certain Strokes of Nature in it, scarce to be equall'd by the most celebrated of the *European Drama*. As the *Chinese* are a wise discerning People, and much fam'd for their Art in Government, it is not to be wonder'd at, that the Fable is political: Indeed it exhibits an amazing Series of Male-administration, which the *Chinese* Author has wrought up to the highest Pitch of Abhorrence, as if he had been acquainted with the Inflexibility of your Grace's Character in

DEDICATION. vii

in that respect. It's certain, he has exaggerated Nature, and introduced rather a Monster than a Man; but perhaps it is a Maxim with the *Chinese Poets* to represent Prime Ministers as so many Devils, to deter honest People from being deluded by them.

I am,

With the most profound Duty and Submission,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

Most Obedient,

Most Humble, and

Most Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM HATCHETT.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

KIOMANTU,	<i>King of Tsin.</i>
SIAKO,	<i>Prime Minister.</i>
BONZE,	<i>Chief-Priest.</i>
KIAMOU,	<i>Son to the General OLOPOEN.</i>
VANSOU,	<i>A great officer of the Court.</i>
SOSAN,	<i>Captain of the Guards.</i>
KIFANG,	<i>A Physician.</i>
OUSANGURE,	<i>His Friend.</i>
LAOTSE,	<i>An old Courtier retired.</i>
CAMHY,	<i>{ The Orphan, suppos'd Son to KIFANG.</i>

WOMEN.

AMAVANSI,	<i>Daughter to the King, and married to KIAMOU.</i>
LYPING.	<i>Wife of KIFANG.</i>
Mandarines, Guards, and Attendants.	

SCENE, China.

TYNDALL MALLIN



THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the outer court of the palace.*

Enter KIFANG and OUSANGURE.

KIFANG.

THESE regal domes, green glittering to
the sun,
My eyes have not beheld these twice
seven moons.
I left the brave good general OLOOPEN,
Thy friend and mine—his king's—his country's friend—
Th'unfailing friend of every virtuous man—
I left him high in KIOHAMTI's favour;
Equal in confidence to fell SIAKO.
Not AMAVANSI's self, the king's fair daughter,
Was deem'd a match too mighty for KIAMOU,
His fire-resembling, and his godlike son.
Since which I've been a stranger to his fortunes—
I pray thee, OUSANGURE, supply the rest.

OUSANGURE.

Since then—What devastation has he seen!
My tongue can scarce relate the sad reverse:
Thou saw'st him then o'th'pinnacle of honour—
Thou find'st him now, KIFANG,—alas! how fall'n!
A wanderer—forgot are his deep wounds—

2 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Script—script of all but wishes of good men—
With cruelty original purſu'd—
By an unsated, all-destroying hand—
✓ His race almost extinct—so will'd the king—
Forgive, my Liege!—I should have ſaid SIAKO.

KIFANG.

What iſt I hear! Be kindly more explicit,
And eafe me of a thouſand thorny doubts.

OUSANGUEE.

Thou knowſt SIAKO, as firſt minister,
Superintended in all civil matters;
While OLOPOEN was ſole chief of war.
Too oft their poſts fierce opposition breed:
On fairer terms the gen'ral fought to live;
Each in his province, free from foul diſtruct;
But the alliance hinted at e'en now
Was poison to SIAKO—his black blood
Instantly rancour'd in the turgid vein,
And the preheminence did well nigh burſt him.

KIFANG.

From this I gueſs his ruin was reſolv'd?

OUSANGUEE.

✓ All that mean jealousy cou'd do, was done:
He firſt eſſay'd to render OLOPOEN
A cypher in his poſt, which he diſdain'd.
This furniſh'd ſcandal for the royal ear,
Where but too ready a belief it found.
Yet failing of his ultimate deſign,
He liſted next into his impious ſervice
A helliſh Bonze, ſkill'd in magick lore,
As a fit minister of his revenge.

KIFANG.

Curſe o'the name! I never hear the ſound,
But certain miſchief follows—Pray go on.

OUSANGUEE.

One day as KIOHAMTI paſſ'd to th'temple,
With voice of urgent moitive, loud the Bonze

Call'd

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 3

Call'd to be heard o'th'king, who gracious stopt,
When thus he said, (as coming from above)
That an ambitious and ungrateful traitor
Was harbour'd in the palace, and engag'd
In deep designs against his crown and person.
To give the accusation greater weight
With circumstance astonishng, he added,
A certain dog o'th'king's should point the traitor.

KIFANG.

Treason detected by the pow'r of instinct !
A very priestly trick ! a jugler's flight !
Th' intent the same to gull the easy croud :
They steal the understandings of the weak,
To serve ambition, int'rest or revenge,
Then make thee, emperor supreme, a party.
But what the king ?

OUSANGUER.

The novelty delighted !

In a full court he waited the conviction :
The wondrous dog was brought, who when let loose,
Furious made tow'rs th'astonish'd OLOPOEN,
Who fled his rage, the other still pursuing.
As the Supreme wou'd have it, then I enter'd ;
✓ And seeing this, I happily destroy'd the dog,
Saving good OLOPOEN from his fury.

KIFANG.

O quick-ear'd ! ne'er-forgetting Providence !
Did he not once in battle save your life ?

OUSANGUER.

He did, KIFANG.

KIFANG.

O grateful retribution !

What came of OLOPOEN ?

OUSANGUER.

'Tis not known.

Mean time,—SIAKO and his priestly agent

4 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Have not been sparing of strong aggravation,
Wherein the circumstance was largely dwelt on :
Made a most special grace ! of Heaven-direction !
For which was brought from annals unauthentick
Precarious precedent to match the wonder,
That has elated much the royal breast,
Said to have happen'd in past darksome times,
I'th'question'd reign of one of *China's* monarchs :
And next, his flight was urg'd in confirmation
O'th'circumstance, and proof of conscious treason,
Which seems most manifest to KIOHAMTI ;
And it has kindled such a fury in him,
Three hundred of his house have all been slaughter'd,
Only as yet remaining from the storm
A wretched pair—KIAMOU and the princess—
She in her hour of labour, and he waiting
To be swept off by th'all devouring tempest.

A I R.

Hear, hear the proclamation read,
A price is set on OLOPOEN's head ;
See in the air the ghosts of all his murder'd kin,
Threatning this wicked realm of Tsin.

Let us go,

Let us do

All we can :

'Tis glorious to save a great and guilty man.

Both. 'Tis glorious, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to an apartment in the palace.

Enter SIAKO and BONZE.

SIAKO.

So a design be brought to th' end desir'd,
It matters not what ravage it produces.

'Tis to thy well-tim'd curious scheme, my Bonze,

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 5

I owe my triumph over OLOPOEN;
What I have aim'd at long in vain, till now,

BONZ E.

My head, my ev'ry faculty is yours.

SIAKO.

How did it work upon the hafty king!
In such a whirlwind of pale anger I ne'er saw him!
He has a spark which, touch'd, strait blows him up;
Know but his humour, and you fix him yours.

BONZ E.

You are, my lord, a master of that knowledge,

SIAKO.

In OLOPOEN's death, which just I learn,
With the three hundred murder'd of his house,
An ample, noble vengeance I have had;
And yet all-insufficient, incompleat;
It craves for more, and must be satisfy'd—
KIAMOU lives—

BONZ E.

I guess, my lord, your purpose.

He that would hinder any plant from growing,
Must not the smallest root leave undestroy'd:
And I should think ere the king's ferment ceases,
'Twere best to try to rid you of all fears.

SIAKO.

Thou speak'st the secret meaning of my soul!
Not one of OLOPOEN's issue shall remain:
Stood there ten thousand in my way, not one!
But yet an obstacle of weight occurs:
Thou know'st KIAMOU's son-in-law to th'king;
Whose public death might too much hurt his honour.

BONZ E.

That difficulty, my lord, is easy solv'd:
Suppose in private he be made away with?

SIAKO.

Th' expedient's found—In that his rank not suffers—
We'll in, and urge it artful to the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE

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SCENE changes to KIAMOU's apartment.

Discoveres KIAMOU and AMAVANSI with attendants,
in deep mourning.

AMAVANSI.

And can the royal KIONHAMTI be so cruel?
It cannot be—It cannot surely be—
'Tis the foul imposition of SIAKO—
And yet, O emperor supreme! if so;
No more my sire I call thee, but my tyrant!

KIAMOU.

Thou best of princesses! of women! wives!

O AMAVANSI!

Piercing as is my grief for OLOPOEN!
That brave good man! that tenderest of fathers!
For all my family well nigh extinct,
In this unequal'd, this soul-rending conflict,
What more affects, is thy transcendent goodness!
Thy heart-dissolving! most distrest condition!

✓ Thy nine months now expire—I'm all o'er pangs—
Then list—Thou rest of all my happiness!
My mind forebodes I shall not long be with thee!
If that the child of which thou go'st be male,
A name I'll give him ere that he is born:
Let him be call'd, I charge thee, th'orphan CAMHY—
That is, conceiv'd in bitterness of sorrow—
Be careful of him, O my AMAVANSI!
'Tis he must be th'avenger of us all.

A I R.

Come my Faithful Few draw near,
In sad concert let us mourn,
Give tear for tear:
And woe the world from us shall learn,
All. And woe, &c.

Euter

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 7

Enter SOSAN, with guards.

SOSAN.

With what regret I bear this fatal mandate ! [Aside.
Behold KIAMOU ! illustrious mandarine !
The order of the king—Kneel down and hear—

[Opens the paper, and reads.

" Be it known to KIAMOU, that because his family has been found guilty of high treason, all that belong'd to it have been executed besides himself ; but rememb'reng he is our son-in-law, we were not willing to put him publickly to death—We have therefore sent him three presents—a cord—a vial—and a dagger—Commanding him at the sight hereof to chuse one.

KIOHAMTI.

Forgive, my lord, that I'm th' unwilling bearer.

KIAMOU.

To the imperial decree, howe'er unjust,
Good SOSAN, I submit, unblaming thee—

[They offer the presents separately.

These presents needless—Here the choice must fall.

[He chuses the dagger.

AMAVANSI.

O sov'reign Lord of the whole starry host !
What is't I feel ! the infant struggling in me—
It leaps and bounds in sympathy of anguish.

A I R.

KIAMOU.

Misfortune's self behold in me !
Butcher'd all my family ;
And more than this, what rends my heart,
I with love and worth must part.

AMAVANSI. Misfortune rather lo in me !

Your sad fate I live to see ;

When

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*When you are gone, and in your urn,
I shall still lament and mourn.*

KIAMOU. *The keenest conflict shall confess,
It falls short of my distress.*

AMAVANSI. *Remember the dear babe I bear :
Death at once does end your cares.*

KIAMOU. *To her I love O send more peace !
The sad contest thus shall cease.*

[KIAMOU stabs himself.]

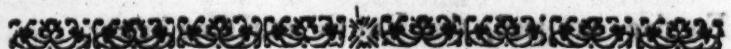
AMAVANSI.

Ah me ! [Faints.]

SOSAN.

Bear off the corps while I conduct the princess—

[Exeunt.]



SCENE changes to the palace.

Enter SIAKO and BONZE.

SIAKO.

Curse o'this frowardness of majesty !
This royal testiness ! it asks more pamp'ring
Than a sick heir, or wayward flatter'd beauty.

BONZE.

You ne'er before was baffled by the king :
In that the disappointment was the greater.

SIAKO.

'Twas none to me thou saw'st : we keener statesmen
Cannot be disappointed or refus'd ;
And his forg'd order equals his denial.

BONZE.

And yet in my poor policy, my lord,
'Twere better to have ta'en a happier hour,
When KIOHAMTI had been more in temper.

SIAKO.

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SIAKO.

I tell thee, Bonze, it had been in vain !
Thou saw'st he cou'd not brook a distant mention—
It rais'd a temper in him mocks my art—
He has a certain stubbornness about him,
Which when it once takes place, as now it does,
'Tis not in eloquence to turn him from it.

BONZE.

The insufficiency I not dispute ;
I'm only fearful of the consequence.

SIAKO.

Talk'st thou of consequence in my condition ?
The present Now is all I ought consider—
A man in desp'rate circumstance, my Bonze,
Hated by all, must snatch at all advantage ;
Learn to despise a doubtful consequence ;
Nor be alarm'd at what may never happen—
He must be bold—set justice at defiance—
Tho' his heart trembles, he must bounce and bully—
Give China up even to a chance of safety ;
Nor boggle at a paltry consequence.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENDER.

My lord——
The will of KIOHAMTI is perform'd—
KIAMOU is no more—the mournful princess,
With the affright, strait felt the pangs of child-birth—
And she is now deliver'd of a son.

SIAKO.

Hah ! of a son ! —haste ! haste thee back to SOSAN—
Let all the avenues o'th' princess' palace
Be guarded strait—let none go out, or in,
Without strict search—If any one so daring
Shall, or conceal, or bear away the infant,

C

Him

10 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Him and his kindred shall atone the crime—

Be gone—

[Exit messenger.]

This incident nigh breaks our measures—

B O N Z E.

Indeed, tho' young, he is a dangerous foe—

I was in hopes, my lord, that her distress

Ere this had render'd what she bore, abortive.

S I A K O.

Or had she brought but one of t'other sex,

I might have spar'd the brat—But 'tis no matter—

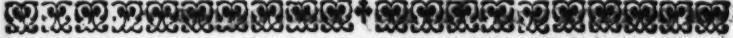
This object of my fear's still in my pow'r—

'The order sent to SOSAN must be public,

Directed to th' inferior mandarines

To see it fix'd on all the city gates—

It asks dispatch, we'll instantly about it. [Exeunt.]



S C E N E changes to the princess's bed-chamber.

Discovers AMAVANSI on a couch, with the infant in her arms, women attending.

A M A V A N S I.

Leave me a moment—I would be alone—

[Exeunt women.]

The woes of all mankind are sure my portion !

Thou truly may'st be styl'd, The Orphan CAMHY !

Conceiv'd and born in bitterness of sorrow !

Thy helpless mother here alone imprison'd !

Debarr'd of access, and forsook by all !

O pardon Heaven ! I fear forsook by thee ! —

Thy father and thy kindred too destroy'd !

Excepting thee, dear Orphan ! all destroy'd !

And how long thou'l't escape—My heart yearns for thee—

Why stays KIFANG ? He wo'n't fail me too—

He call'd my husband patron, and his friend—

Perhaps to match their other savage treatment,

They'll

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. II

They'll even deny me the physician's aid—
O here he is—Most welcome, good KIFANG !

[She lays down the child.

Enter KIFANG, with a chest of medicines.

KIFANG.

Learning just now your highness's commands,
I wait to know your pleasure—

AMAVANSI.

Yes, KIFANG—

I wanted you—for 'tis a common saying,
In need and danger still we fly to friends—
As such I deem KIFANG.

KIFANG.

Madam, you do me honour.

AMAVANSI.

If aught in physick then will comfort me,
I pray you give it.

KIFANG.

Madam, I'll do my best— [Opens his chest.

In your condition, this composing draught
Is highly proper.

AMAVANSI.

A composing draught !

Good ! let me have one—let me have a dozen !
How many hours of sleep will one procure ?
Methinks I want to sleep away misfortune.

KIFANG.

These here twelve hours—those are as strong again—
Only made use of in acute disorders.

AMAVANSI.

Leave me the last—my sufferings are acute—
O my KIAMOU ! O my hapless Orphan !

KIFANG.

Madam, my heart bleeds at your dreadful story—
I trust in heav'n the new-born prince is well ?

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AMAVANSI.

He is not safe, KIFANG!—there is my torture!

KIFANG.

Too plain he is not, while SIAKO lives—
And much it grieves me that I cannot say
A word of consolation on that head.

AMAVANSI.

Rather, KIFANG—for I confide in thee—

✓ Point out some method to convey him hence—
Far from the reach of all their savage fury.

KIFANG.

How, how remove him, guarded as you are?
Or if remov'd, how fatal to the bearer?
But now I learnt an order thus importing;
Whoe'er shall dare the Orphan to conceal,
He and his kindred shall be put to death.

AMAVANSI.

And dar'st not thou, KIFANG? I'm sure thou dar'st—
In saving him you'll save the only one,
That can revenge our murder'd Family.—

[Takes the child, and kneels,
Take pity then, KIFANG! on me and him!
Three hundred are contain'd in this dear Orphan!

KIFANG.

Rise, I beseech you, princess—I must yield—
And yet I have a wife and children too—
But what my children to this infant hero,
Who one day may retrieve his country's glory?
What's'er the sequel, I will undertake it—
But then again—pardon, illustrious madam!
If that SIAKO, when he finds him gone,
Should put you to the Rack, perhaps you'll say,
Torture might make you say, you gave him me—
And then,—O then! two families are lost—

AMAVANSI.

If that be all, KIFANG! remove thy fears—

Let

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 13

Let my poor helpless babe but find in thee
Another parent, soon I'll solve thy doubt :
Affection calls—I follow, my KIAMOU—
Behold ! nor dread SIAKO's bloody question!

[Drinks six of the vials, one after another, hastily. ✓

KIFANG.

What has she done ! alas ! six doses taken !
Princess, a moment hence you are no more—
O let me haste to give you this last comfort—
Tho' I as soon may hope t'escape the nets
Of heaven and earth, as from SIAKO's search,
Cover'd with herbs medic'nal in this chest,
I'll do my utmost to preserve the prince.

[Puts the child into the chest, and covers him with herbs.

AMAVANSI.

How shall I thank thee for this gen'rous deed !
In that, disarming death of its worst terrors.

While sleepy horrors doze me to my fate,
My flutt'ring heart with raptures springs elate :
No pangs I feel, no racking thoughts of guilt ;
On virtuous motives my keen joy is built :
Pleas'd to thy care, that I my son resign,
And my last bliss—I soon his fire shall join.

[Exeunt severally.



A C T

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A C T H.

S C E N E, *the outside of the princess's palace.*

Enter SOSAN and guards.

S O S A N.

I Charge you keep strict watch about the palace !
Let none come out or in without my knowledge—
See that the rounds be duly gone each quarter—
Sleep in a soldier, when upon his post,
Is dormant cowardice—By flight, by sleep,
Alike you leave the enemy triumphant—
Away, and mind your duty, sirs.—

G U A R D S.

We will. [Exeunt.

S O S A N.

Of OLOPOEN's numerous family
One, only one remains, and him we watch—
O fatal enmity of private men !
What public mischief does it still produce !
✓ SIAKO gains his point, but *China* suffers :
He is still artful to defeat home foes,
Tho' of the *Tarter* and *Mogul* the dupe.—
And yet SIAKO ! shall it be permitted
The king's best subjects, of untainted merit,
To ruin thus and murder at your pleasure ?
How bloody-minded ! and how odious art thou !

A I R.

T O A Of every kind thy crimes so great,
These but some of thy transgressions,

Murders,

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 15

*Murders, treasons and oppressions —
China has no greater curse
Nor thy punishment has earth,
'Tis scarce to be contriv'd by fate.*

Enter KIFANG guarded.

1st GUARD.

Most noble SOSAN! —

This stranger with a chest we seiz'd just now,
Issuing the palace by the garden way.

SOSAN.

'Tis well — retire [Exeunt guards.] Who are you, friend?

KIFANG.

A poor physician —

SOSAN.

Your name?

KIFANG.

KIFANG.

SOSAN.

I've heard well of you, Sir.

Much you're indebted to the late KIAMOU.

KIFANG.

I wish I could repay my obligations.

SOSAN.

What bus'nes, pray, might bring you to the palace?

KIFANG.

I've been administering of medicine, Sir.

SOSAN.

To whom?

KIFANG.

The princess.

SOSAN.

True — she dy'd in child-bed.

What is it, pray, you carry in that chest?

KIFANG.

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KIFANG.

Medicines.

SOSAN.

And nothing else?

KIFANG.

No—nothing else.

SOSAN.

Then pass.

[As KIFANG goes hastily off, SOSAN calls him back, and he returns slowly.]

Yet hold—a word before you go—

What is't you carry, say you, in your chest?

KIFANG.

Medicines I told you, Sir.

SOSAN.

Upon your word?

KIFANG.

Indeed, Sir, nothing more—

SOSAN.

Then please you go.

[Goes, and returns as before.]

Yet once more stay—I had forgot myself.

Tho' you have been so positive, KIFANG,

Somewhat is certainly conceal'd in that same chest;

For when I say—Be gone—you seem to fly;

And when I say—Come back—you scarcely move.

Think not, KIFANG, t'escape the tyger's den!

I that aspire to rise in my command,

Think you to pass me without further question?

I know the new-born prince is in that chest—

Let me examine [opens the chest] ay—'tis even so.—

Med'cines you said—but see a little man.

AIR.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 17

A I R.

*Thou pretty last of all thy family !
A mighty prize I find in thee !
What riches, honours wilt thou bring,
If I bear thee to the king !*

[KIFANG falls on his knees in great agitation.

K I F A N G .

O SOSAN ! SOSAN ! do not thou extirpate
Beyond redemption great KIAMOU's house,
And I beseech thee pardon my evasion !
If I have ly'd, 'tis sure an honest lye !
For to be sacred to a solemn trust,
And to be grateful, sanctifies deceit.
O fam'd for goodness and integrity !
Do not deliver us to SIAKO's malice !

S O S A N .

No—no—KIFANG—SOSAN has too much honour
To be the author of a deed so black.
Wrap the dear Orphan up—Be safe for me—
I'll answer to the guards and to SIAKO,
And give my blood in pledge I'll not betray you.

K I F A N G .

What obligations have not I, and China !

Bless'd is the nation where such men you find,
As act with strict integrity of mind :
Who dare be just, unaw'd by tyrant Pow'r,
Nor yet be sway'd amidst a golden Show'r.

[*Exeunt severally.*

D

SCENE

18 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.



SCENE changes to the royal palace.

Enter SIAKO and BONZE.

SIAKO.

Accidents, of policy, are the seasons,
By which, my Bonze, statesmen rule their actions :
He that from each event can strike advantage,
Has no occasion for long-fighted wisdom :
Thou saw'st the use I made o'th' princess' death.

BONZE.

'Twas masterly, and worthy of SIAKO !
In the surprize o'th'news, I own indeed
I was to seek, 'till you, my lord, convinc'd me,
That no event, how critical soever,
Is too perplexing for your fertile thought.
What so effectual cou'd confirm the king,
As to behold his daughter's dying hand,
Making confession of her husband's guilt,
And asking pardon for her wicked share ?

SIAKO.

And that with so much art, and likeness forg'd,
That otherwise herself cou'd not have done it.

BONZE.

Exact in ev'ry character, my lord.

Enter Gentleman.

GENTLEMAN.

My lord, by fresh intelligence the guard
About the princess' palace is alarm'd—
The Orphan—

SIAKO.

What of him ?

GENTLE-

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 19

GENTLEMAN.

They have found means
To bear him thence.

SIAKO.

Say! who has found the means?

GENTLEMAN.

It is not known—but SOSAN is suspected
Of having been concern'd.

SIAKO.

Go fetch the traitor.

GENTLEMAN.

It cannot be, my lord.

SIAKO.

What cannot be,

While I've the pow'r of *China*, and the purse! ✓

AIR.

What can't gold, all-tempting ore!

Love, 'tis said, can wonders do:

But the pow'r of gold works more;

Gold can love itself subdued.

Gold, the crucible of souls,

Can transmute a senate-hall:

Love one passion but controls;

Gold is master of them all.

If decrepid age inclines

To a virgin of fifteen,

Mother bargains, Miss resigns,

For the glit'ring lure unseen.

You may have whate'er you will;

All we see and do is sold:

Soldiers and physicians kill,

For the shining Barter, gold.

D 2

Pray'r

20 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

*Pray'r itself is set to sale ;
Silver tongues bear prices great ;
Gold's the ballance, weight and scale,
And the trade of Church and State.*

Now say, what is't SIAKO cannot do ?

GENTLEMAN.

| Not call to life again the traitor SOSAN,
Who's fall'n upon his sword, as is surmis'd,
To baffle all enquiry, and thus rend'ring
The Orphan's flight of intricate pursuit,

SIAKO.

Away ! and see his body be cast-out,
A graveless carcass, food for th' carrion species.

[Exit Gent,

BONZE ! it shall not be—By heav'n I'll reach
This cursed last of OLOPOEN's race,
Or root-out all the children are in Tsin !

BONZE.

Th'expedient's sure, my lord, but somewhat cruel.

SIAKO.

Talk not of cruelty to one who has
A fav'rite point to gain ! In such a case,
He has a dead-like palsy in his mind ;
A dull stagnation of all social feeling—
And the same Pow'r that sign'd KIAMOU's fate
Shall issue orders strait thro'out the kingdom,
That the male-infants under six months old,
Shall in three days be totally destroy'd,
On forfeiture of goods as well as life ;
With a Reward of powerful temptation
For any shall inform us of the Orphan.

Do thou inculcate, heaven approves the deed ;
Reasons of state shall call it cogent need ;
Nor can the herd at the decree repine,
Since will'd by th' hand imperial and divine. [Exit,

SCENE

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 21



S C E N E changes to the country.

The prospect of a seat.

Enter KIFANG with a chest.

K I F A N G .

By this the news of our escape is known,
And worthy SOSAN call'd to strict account ;
Perhaps too they have rack'd confession from him—
I fear 'tis so—ay—see ! we're close pursu'd—
Yon horsemen ! let me view them—I don't like them—
What dust they raise ! poor babe ! they're making to us—
Protecting heav'n ! they turn a diff'rent road.

A I R.

*Illustrious wand'rer ! born in cares ;
Too rude thy hardships for thy years :
Thy infant woes all nature wails ;
The royal breast no nature feels.*

*Flint rocks are soften'd at thy pains ;
Birds warble in more plaintive strains ;
Woods, rivers, all united, mourn ;
The royal breast shews no concern.*

*What, Heav'n ! had his great parents done,
To draw such ills upon their son !
O give the king more tender sense,
Nor guilt confound with innocence.*

Yet, let me see—what travel have we made ?
Only an hour from th' capital !—no more—
I would we were a thousand hours in distance !
'Tis time to come to speedy resolution—
Yon is LAOTSE's seat, I think—The same—
A good old mand'rine, and a true Chinese—

One

22 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

One who had honesty to quit the Court
When he found honesty was banish'd thence—
I'll trust to him for counsel and assistance
In this perplexing, critical conjuncture—
Yet it behoves me to take all precaution—
In this close thicket will I leave my charge,
T'evade inquisitive domestick eyes.

[Conceals the chest in the thicket, then goes and knocks.

Enter Servant.

Friend ! is your lord at home ?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir—an please you.

KIFANG.

At leisure too ?

SERVANT.

Not that ; as I suspect,
Being he's reading letters just receiv'd.

KIFANG.

Acquaint him, pray, I've bus'ness for his ear.

SERVANT.

Your name, an please you, Sir ?

KIFANG.

It matters not—
Your lord by this, I guess, may have forgot it—
He knew me formerly—Conduct me to him.

SERVANT.

Please you to enter.

[Exeunt.



S C E N E changes :

Discover LAOTSE at a table, with a letter in his hand.

LAOTSE.

What a fell monster is this same SIAKO !

Who swells each day in magnitude of crimes :

Hc

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 23

He governs all ; displaces all ; distresses all ;
Corrupts and beggars all—nay, murders all.
What a blood-thirsty proclamation's here !
✓ An infant massacre !—To nature horrid !
Whom wolves wou'd spare, relentless he devours.
It was not so when I forsook the court
For these more peaceful, undeceitful shades ;
Tho', to say truth, 'twas bad enough even then ;
But is all white when liken'd to the present.
We knew not then of such a lordly upstart,
Assuming sole authority, and dealing
Such rapine, murders, as I learn from this :
The dire account nigh freezes my old veins.—
That I were equal to oppose the tyrant !
His king's deluder ! and his country's scourge !
Shame on the younger striplings of old *China* !
Where are you all ! where your forefathers spirit,
To stop the traitor in his course of havock,
And do a work of such all-crying justice ?

Enter KIFANG.

KIFANG.

Health to LAOTSE, mid these butch'ring times,
The desolation and the wreck of empire.

LAOTSE. [*Rising.*]

Butch'ring indeed ! all *China* is a slaughter-house.
I joy, KIFANG, that thou hast 'scap'd the knife.

KIFANG.

How long I shall, depends on heav'n and you.

LAOTSE.

On me, KIFANG ! give me to know as how ?

KIFANG.

You've heard the fate of OLOPOEN's house :
Three hundred murder'd ! all but th'Orphan murder'd !

LAOTSE.

24 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

LAOTSE.

My heart cleaves in me at the wretched mention;
Tho' much I do rejoice to hear withal
Of the illustrious infant's timely 'scape;
But fear his respite is of short duration,
While th' babe-destroying mandate is in force,
Of which this letter gives me information.

KIFANG.

Please you be more particular.

LAOTSE.

'Tis this:

All the male-children under six months old
Must in three days be totally destroy'd,
On forfeiture of goods as well as life.

KIFANG.

O comprehensive cruelty, unfailing!
Now, as I came along, I guess I saw
The hound-like emissaries in full dispatch,
To circulate destruction thro' the empire.
Must then the poor dear babe be reach'd at last,
Spite of the pains and perils to preserve him!—
And yet a sudden thought of heav'nly birth
Occurs, t'evade the fiend-projected edict.

LAOTSE.

Evade it, say you? How, I pray?

KIFANG.

As thus:

I have a son—an only son—no matter—
✓ An infant too—just of the age o'th'Orphan:
Him will I pass for the illustrious CAMHY.
Then good LAOTSE (pardon for the office)
You shall give information to SIAKO,
'Tis I conceal the eager-sought-for infant—
By this, what numberless poor innocents
To th' shambles destin'd, shall I not preserve?
The worst—and even that worst will be my pleasure—

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 25

I, and my tender babe shall die together.—
It will be yours to educate the heir—
The only remnant of your noble friend—
And sure I am, LAOTSE will take pride
To play the tutor, where so much depends,
And rear the pupil till at proper age
T'avenge his family—what think you of it?

LAOTSE.

A noble Resolution! and I doubt not
But on occasion you wou'd give it action.

KIFANG.

Wou'd he were here to prove it!

LAOTSE.

Wou'd he were!

How cou'd I fondle the poor little suff'rer!
My house, my purse shou'd be at his command.

KIFANG.

Methinks the awful shade of OLOPOEN,
Your ancient friend, I see hov'ring o'er us,
As if to thank you for this gen'rous goodness.

LAOTSE.

But to what purpose this, since he is wanting,
In whom, KIFANG, our mutual wishes center?

KIFANG.

Forgive the caution I have acted towards you!
He is not wanting.

LAOTSE.

How!

KIFANG.

He is forth-coming.

To me the Orphan owes his present safety,
And I shou'd glory if I cou'd prolong it
By the expedient you have heard me mention.

LAOTSE.

I like the thought, which may admit improvement.
I pray, KIFANG, what years may you have seen?

E

KIFANG.

26 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

Some forty-five.

LAOTSE.

Let me compute—'Twill take full twenty years,
Ere princely CAMHY can avenge his race :
I shall be ninety then—you sixty-five—
Now ninety surely is no age for action !
No—no—KIFANG—Since for the good of *China*
So willingly you sacrifice your son—

KIFANG.

Yes—and as readily I do my self.

LAOTSE.

Who loves his country does not fear to die ;
Who fears to die, he cannot love his country—
But yet, KIFANG, as glorious as you'd be,
Let me prevail—'tis much more eligible
That you bring hither to my house your son,
And lay your information against me,
That I conceal the Orphan—this is safer—
I shall rejoice t'accompany your son ;
And blend our grey and infant locks together.

KIFANG.

Why shou'd you suffer, I would ask, LAOTSE ?
You owe me nought, nor yet great OLOPOEN—

LAOTSE.

If not—I'm surely debtor to my country—

KIFANG.

But I've vast obligations to them both—
O let me to my pow'r discharge my debt—
I pray you let it be as I wou'd have it—

LAOTSE.

It must not be—at least with my consent—
Yet I cou'd wish to see the happy day—
To see both *China* and CAMHY reveng'd—

KIFANG.

'Tis more than probable you'll have your wish—

You've

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 27

You've not the stamina of modern *China*—
Th'enervate remnant of a night's debauch—
Perhaps the off'ring of a loath'd embrace—
Withal, you ever was a foe to riot,
Contented with the temperate repast—
You still are worth a dozen stripling lords—
How hale! robust!—indeed you are, LAOTSE—

LAOTSE.

Come, come, KIFANG,—for all your compliment,
An edifice, tho' ne'er so firmly built,
And kept in order, must succumb to time,
The springs of strength and vigour are no more :
Th'elastic muscle now is all relax'd,
The sinew, and the fibre shrunk to nought ;
My blood runs chill, indeed 'tis winter with me :
What therefore I have said, I have resolv'd,
And will not be oppos'd—I do insist—

KIFANG.

Alas ! what have I done ! O where, KIAMOU !
O whither has my zeal for thee and thine
Carry'd thy grateful slave ! I fear too far —
In the misfortunes of thy wretched house
I have involv'd a person innocent,
Tasting the flow'ry sweets of mild retirement,
After a life all spent i'th'publick service,
And once more thrust him on the stage o'th'world,
T'encounter certain death ! Can this be pleasing ?
It cannot surely be.

LAOTSE.

What is't you say ?

A man of seventy regret to die !
I'th'course of nature I've not long to stay ;
And shall I scruple going somewhat sooner,
To serve my friend, and what is more—my country,
For th'sake of dragging some few moments longer !
I thought KIFANG had known LAOTSE better.

E 2

KIFANG.

28 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

Well—since you'll have it so—I'll fetch my child—

LAOTSE.

Pray do.

KIFANG.

I will—[going] yet one thing more, LAOTSE—
You know the bloody instruments of tyrants—
Now, if you think these too much for your age—

LAOTSE.

O fear me not—Their tortures shall not shake me ;
Nor has age broke my constancy of mind—

KIFANG.

Farewel LAOTSE—I will send him strait—
Remember on your tongue hangs *China's fate*.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E, K I F A N G ' s house.

Enter K I F A N G.

K I F A N G.

STILL some fresh obstacle will thwart my purpose ;
My best endeavours for the prince's safety,
As if the Gods were bent upon his life !
My wife has just discover'd the exchange,
And is in all th' anxiety of rage.

How shall I pacify her clam'rous fondness,
Which must be done before I can proceed ?
'Tis of perplexing, difficult attempt !
For *China* I have shaken-off the Father :
She wo'n't easily throw-off the mother.
Women, on some occasions, do discover
Souls of a truly masculine formation,
That can endure the burthen of a secret ;
But where their love, or nature is concern'd,
'Tis dang'rous trusting them—It must not be.
Evasion must assist me—See ! she comes.

Enter L Y P I N G, with the Orphan.

L Y P I N G.

Where is my child ? oh ! whither have you borne him ?
What changeling this, you've brought me in his room ?
No more like my sweet babe than night to morn.

K I F A N G.

I pray thee do not quarrel with his mien !
Envy must own he is of aspect graceful.

L Y P I N G.

30 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

LYPING.

Yes, yes, commend him, for I see you love him—
You love the bastard, miserable me !
You never bore me any, nor my child.

KIFANG.

Nay, now thou wrong'st us both—indeed thou do'st :
Changeling he is—but yet of honest parents.
And if thou wilt but listen to calm reason,
I'll soon convince thee what I've done is right.

LYPING.

As soon persuade me there's no pangs in child-birth ;
I wo'n't be deceiv'd ! you want to substitute
The fav'rite brat your heir, instead of mine,
Your lawfully begotten ; barbarous man !
But by the Gods he shall not be so serv'd !
I'll make all *China* echo with my wrongs ;
And strait will lay my grievance 'fore the Throne.

[*Going.*

KIFANG.

Hold thee, LYPING ! now I command thee, hold !
And know the duty which thou ow'st thy husband.

LYPING.

Lawless authority is still unbinding !
You shall not force me to desert my child :
He has no other advocate but me ! [Weeps.
Left unprotected by a cruel father.
Here, take your changeling ! or, behold the window !

KIFANG.

Come ! do not thus, LYPING, transport thy self !
Nor call in question my paternal feeling,
Unknowing the severity o'th'cause
Has taken from us our last pledge of love !
Witness ye Gods ! I bear him strong affection !
Lift to me then ! assuage this bitter anguish !
And I will satisfy thy anxious cares.
Thou hast not heard th' inhuman, savage edict,

Which

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 31

Which dooms the infants male, from six months under,
All to be sacrific'd in three days spate.
On learning this, I strait exchang'd our dear one !
The motive was a glorious one, believe me !
I found a father proper for my purpose ;
And now, LYPING, I leave to thee to judge
If I deserve this angry language from thee,
Or have been acting of a monster's part.

LYPING.

Is he then chang'd to save him from destruction !
Artful to screen him from the gen'ral havock !
I'm all o'er scarlet at my keen reproaches !
O pardon this first frailty of your wife !
This sudden transport of maternal fondness !

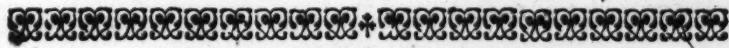
KIFANG.

The cause consider'd well deserves forgiveness.
Then go thee in, and while he has to live,
Make his sad moments happy as thou may'st.

[Exit LYPING with the Orphan.

One dismal office is no sooner o'er,
But 'gainst my will I am push'd on to more :
Now to the palace, with reluctant heart,
I bend my steps to play a traitor's part.

[Exit KIFANG.



S C E N E changes to the royal palace.

Enter SIAKO.

SIAKO.

Is there in China scarce a hand and heart
That's not unclean, and rotten to the core ?
Is she become a dunghill of corruption ?
Her mandarines, degen'rate to my wish,
Have they effac'd all filial feeling for her ?

Will

32 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Will friend the friend, father the son betray ?
Is virtue made a word of common place ?
Have I the triumph to behold all this ?
And yet no tidings of my orphan foe ?
Remains there one more squeamish than the rest,
Whose stomach turns against a golden potion ?
By heav'n ! ungrateful ! ever murmur'ring *China* !
While such are left, I'll bribe the last roupée !
What are my spies a-doing ? I've done wrong—
Of late I've been advis'd to draw the purse-string,
And 'stead of bribing, pay in bold defiance—
It wo'not do—I must not quit my system—
O—here comes one I sent with my late order—
Well—what's the news abroad i'th'provinces ?

Enter Messenger.

M E S S E N G E R.

My lord ! a grievous journey I have had on't—
China's a universal scene of woe—
Thro' ev'ry town and village as you pass,
You meet whole armies of distracted mothers,
Bearing their little off-spring at their breasts,
In sad complainings, bitter lamentations,
Crying, that they must bid good-bye to th'nipple ;
And O my gracious lord, I crave excuse,
Utter dire imprecations—

SIAKO.

On my head—

Why let 'em curse—I know they hate me deadly—
But ere I've done, they shall repent their folly—
Be within call—I see the chamberlain—

My lord VANSOU.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Enter VANSOU.

VANSOU.

My lord, I kiss your hand.

Now as I left the king, with trusty Bonze,

Engag'd

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 33

Engag'd at chess, in the first ante-chamber,
I there encounter'd certain mandarines,
Sworn foes to you, their numbers formidable;
Gloomy resentment furrow'd all their brows;
They bore a bold remonstrance in their hand,
And in stern tone demanded instant access;
Which I evaded till I'd known your pleasure.

SIAKO.

I'm much indebted, good my lord, for this—
The government you mention'd for your son,
The king has granted, and I give him joy.

VANSOU.

I thank your lordship for him—

SIAKO.

'Tis not worth it.
You see, my lord, how daring they are grown!
Such bold intrusion is t'affail the palace—
The king's not safe, my lord—indeed he is not—
Nor can we call our palaces our own,
While such romantic practices are suffer'd—
It must not be—I pray you have an eye.

VANSOU.

I will, my lord—your lordship's most devoted.

[Exit VANSOU.]

SIAKO.

Because I will not let the royal ear
Be idly stunn'd by ev'ry babbling fool,
They cry, forsooth, I keep the king a pris'ner—
Let them mouthe on—and write, nay, paint it too!
While it suits me, and there's a courtier left,
They shall not see the king—by heav'n! they shall not—

Messenger, within.

News! news! glad news! my lord!

SIAKO.

What noise is this?

[Enter]

34 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Enter Messenger.

M E S S E N G E R .

My lord ! I bring you welcome news o'th'Orphan—
One waits without to give you information
Concerning him—

S I A K O .

Let him be instant brought.

M E S S E N G E R .

My lord, he's here.

Enter KIFANG.

S I A K O .

How now ! who are you, friend ?

K I F A N G .

I practise physick, and my name—KIFANG—

S I A K O .

O I remember—well then—say KIFANG—
What brings you here ? and what concerning th'Orphan ?

K I F A N G .

O what a cruel task I've undertaken !

I wo'n't do't—I feel I cannot do't !

[A side.]

S I A K O .

Hah ! how confounded ! why this big emotion ?

Take heed you bring no artful accusation,

To serve some private purpose ! if you do—

K I F A N G .

Pardon my lord —your lordship's presence awes me—

S I A K O .

If that be all—be free—where is the Orphan ?

K I F A N G .

Conceal'd, I left him, in—LAOTSE's house.

S I A K O .

Good—in LAOTSE's house—how know you that !

K I F A N G .

Being one day upon a visit to him,

In.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 35

In a bye-room by chance I spy'd an infant,
Wrapt in a mantle most magnificent—

SIAKO.

Well—what of that?

KIFANG.

Said I within my self,
LAOTSE has full seventy o'er his head ;
He has nor son, nor daughter, I e'er heard of,
Then whence can come this infant, argu'd I ?

SIAKO.

Still this is mighty little to the purpose—
He may have infant nieces.

KIFANG.

Please you hear me—
I signify'd my thoughts concerning it ;
And put it home, this was the sought-for Orphan !
He was so struck, his colour came and went,
And made such fault'ring in his long reply,
I strait concluded, that it must be he.

SIAKO.

A very likely bus'ness, on my honour !
You always were i'th'interest of KIAMOU ;
You are an intimate of old LAOTSE ;
Nor have you hitherto had diff'rence with him :
Yet you will wrong your benefactor dead,
And come t'accuse your living friend of treason :
Out of good-will to me, perhaps you'll say—
No—no—I'm not so easy of belief,
As to give credit to your idle story.

KIFANG.

I fear you are displeas'd.

SIAKO.

Hark you, KIFANG !
If you report the truth you need not fear—
But if you fail, your head shall pay the falsehood.

36 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

I only crave, my lord, a moment's patience.
Most true it is, I e'er rever'd KIAMOU ;
Nor have I enmity with old LAOTSE :
But O, my lord ! I have an infant son,
My only heir, not yet a quarter old :
Now, to save him, and all the little babes,
From the dread order, which expires to-morrow ;
For this it is I have divulg'd the Orphan ;
For this accus'd my worthy friend LAOTSE ;
Judging it better two shou'd die than millions.

SIAKO.

Now you urge somewhat bears more shew of reason—
'Twixt QLOPOEN and this same old traitor
There was sworn friendship—they were both my foes—
Let him be instant seiz'd and brought before me—
I am convinc'd what you've advanc'd is true.

[Exit messenger.]

KIFANG.

I do rejoice, my lord.—

SIAKO.

Surely, KIFANG !

The Statesman has a thorny office on't !
He must not have much commerce with his pillow,
And having it, he finds but little rest,
Who has to do to silence factious tongues ;
Subdue home enemies, or foreign foes ;
Baffle cabals—keep watch on broad sedition—
Detect dark treasons, or rebellions quell—
Of friend and foe alike he is afraid :
The one opposes him, the other may,
On every slight, or disappointed boon.
Next, he must stand the publick butt of malice ;
Be canvass'd in each action, league and project ;
Be worry'd, bated, like a bull at stake ;
Be watch'd, suspected, like a very sharper :

Then

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 37

'Then he must guard against his prince's frown,
Which often is perplexity itself :
Perhaps at last his situation such,
It is not safe to hold, or to lay down—
Now what has he t'oppose in self-defence ?
Nought but a few gratuities and places ;
T'enrich his prince, and keep him still in temper,
By adding fresh supplies of pow'r and wealth.
And yet are these, however just and legal,
Still clamour'd at, as dangerous to *China*—
Be thou my friend—it shall be better for thee.

Re-enter messenger.

MESSENDER.

Th'officious guards, my lord, from KIFANG hearing,
When as he pass'd the palace gate, LAOTSE's name,
And that 'twas he who had conceal'd the Orphan,
In eager zeal they strait detach'd a party,
So as t' anticipate your lordship's order—
And see, my lord, they bring the traitor pris'ner.

Enter LAOTSE guarded, a man with several bamboo's.

SIAKO.

Welcome, my friends,—I laud your forward duty—
How comes it tho', I do not see the Orphan ?

1st GUARD.

Not instant finding him, we left a party,
With orders to make stricter search, my lord ;
Mean while we shou'd conduct LAOTSE hither
For your examination : and we trust
We have not acted wrong—

SIAKO.

'Twas right, my friends—
Well, my old foe, and traitor to thy king !

LAOTSE.

Traitor's a word that's ever at thy tongue ;

RETOAD.

Thy

38 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Thy *ignis fatuus* to misguide the king,
Who has not sure a greater than thy self.

SIAKO.

The same man still! saucy and foul of speech—
I hop'd that guilt had taught you better manners!
You stand accus'd, LAOTSE, of high crimes—

LAOTSE.

I know no crime that I am guilty of.

SIAKO.

Treason again! he flies i'th'face o'th'king,
Who has decreed that none, on pain of death,
Conceal the Orphan—yet this good old man
Knows of no crime in disobeying him.

LAOTSE.

And who has disobey'd him?

SIAKO.

Traitor! thou!

Dar'st thou deny it?

LAOTSE.

Who is my accuser?

SIAKO.

Appear KIFANG! and strike the Lyar dumb!

LAOTSE.

KIFANG! my friend! alas! what is't I see?

Art thou turn'd tool to work the tyrant's purpose?

AIR.

Ripe for ruin is that state,
Where all crimes they perpetrate;
The Gods prophane, best friends betray;
Corruption, luxury, prevail,
Their country set to sale,
And rampant vice bears sou'reign sway.

SIAKO.

Come—come—evader! I've no time for trifling—
Where is the Orphan? where hast thou conceal'd him?

LAOTSE.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 39

LAOTSE.

Where I've conceal'd him! Who has seen me hide him?

SIAKO.

Again evasive—there's no end of this—
I find you must be beat into confession—
Here—let him have the *bamboo* discipline—
Nought like contusions to come at the truth—
Apply some fifty bruises—it ne'er fails.

[They give LAOTSE the bamboo after the Chinese manner, which is thus: He is laid on his face on the ground, or a large table, then held by the arms and legs by four persons, while another strikes him with a bamboo, or cane, on the posteriors.

LAOTSE.

[Sings.

Tyrant! tyrant! scourge away!
Beast of prey!
Whom not the blood of hundreds three
Appeases thee?
Devourer fell!
Worse than wolf, or fiend of hell.
I ask no mercy, but to spare
A tender infant, China's heir.

SIAKO.

What! most heroically stubborn yet!
Give him fresh matter to employ his musick—
Let me see you, KIFANG, exert your arm—

KIFANG.

I do entreat your lordship to excuse me—

SIAKO.

No, no—do you, I say, take a *bamboo*.

KIFANG.

This is a trial unforeseen as subtle!
I shall not handle it with any art.

[Aside.

SIAKO.

I'll have it so,

KIFANG

40 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

I do beseech you, spare me !
Nor thus debase my function !

SIAKO.

Hah ! KIFANG !

You seem in agony of strong reluctance—
I shall suspect, KIFANG ! if 'tis not done,
You are afraid of being impeach'd your self,
As an accomplice—therefore do't, I say.

KIFANG.

My lord ! I'll do my best— [Takes a small bamboo.

SIAKO.

Nay, nay, KIFANG !

You take so small a one, as you were bent
You wou'd not greatly hurt him.

KIFANG.

Here's a larger.

[Takes a larger.

SIAKO.

Held, held, KIFANG ! at first you took a twig,
That scarce wou'd make him feel ; and now you take
A beam, that will dispatch him all at once,
Before he does confess—It must not be.

KIFANG.

I'll take another. [Takes another.

SIAKO.

Of more moderate size.

KIFANG.

O rid me of this office by confession !

[To LAOTSE, striking him.

SIAKO.

Again—again—KIFANG !—nay—nay—yet harder.

KIFANG.

I must be cruel much against my will—
If I play booty, I shall be discover'd.

[Strikes very hard.

SIAKO.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 41

SIAKO.

No sense of feeling yet? What! don't you know,
It is KIFANG that lays you on—away!

[Strikes harder.]

LAOTSE.

These are indeed most friendly bloody strokes—
I never have till now been truly beaten!

SIAKO.

Confess, I say—

LAOTSE.

I will—'twas thus then—thus!
It was consulted—

SIAKO.

How! It was consulted?

LAOTSE.

That is, we both consulted—both together—

SIAKO.

You both consulted! then you must be two.

KIFANG.

O heav'n! all's left!—And well I did foresee
He could not undergo the cruel torture!

[Aside.]

SIAKO.

When you consulted, you were two together?
That's what you say? Is't not?

LAOTSE.

I own it is.

SIAKO.

Well—who's the other then?

LAOTSE.

His name is—

KIFANG.

Oh!

[Aside, in great agitation.]

LAOTSE.

It is th'illustrious infant-orphan, CAMHY,
With whom I did consult to save his life.

G

KIFANG.

42 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

O blessings on thee for that gen'rous turn ! [Aside.
But ah ! I see another stabbing trial—
My only poor dear babe i'th'soldiers hands.

Enter guards with the suppos'd Orphan.

1st GUARD.

Good news we bring SIAKO—see the Orphan !
We found him in LAOTSE's house conceal'd.

SIAKO.

A welcome present you have brought indeed—
'Tis worth the tribute of the wide-stretch'd East—
Give it me here—and take this purse in part
Of what my bounty further does intend you.

SOLDIERS.

We thank the noble, generous SIAKO.

SIAKO.

And do I hold my bantling foe at last ?
The final object of my jealous fears ?
At sight of thee my enmity rekindles—
I feel a-new my hatred for thy kin—
But soon will end my wrath in thy destruction—
Yes—I will feast myself upon thy murder.

KIFANG.

Eyes, keep your sockets—O my heart will burst !

I cannot stay——

[Aside.
[Going.

SIAKO.

What, ho ! KIFANG ! where now ?

KIFANG.

I do beseech your lordship—

SIAKO.

No, I say—

You shall not go—by heav'n ! you shall not go—
See here, KIFANG ! * In this detested branch—

[* Holds the infant by the head some time.
KIFANG is in great agitation.

Thrice

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 43

Thrice do I plunge my dagger in his heart.

[Stabs him.]

LAOTSE.

O monster! heav'n will one day surely reach thee.

SIAKO.

Here—take the brat—and scatter wide his limbs,

[Exeunt soldiers with the infant.]

While you conduct LAOTSE to his fate—

[Exit LAOTSE guarded.]

And now I'm at the zenith of my wishes.

Fix'd so secure! without one cause for dread—

The king shall lose his crown, if I my head.

[Exeunt.]



G 2

A C T

44 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.



A C T IV.

SCENE, *a room in the palace.*

Enter KIFANG and OUSANGUEE.

OUSANGUEE,

O F all the minions fortune ever fondled,
Surely STAKO's her most pamper'd darling !
His enemies, like leaves, still drop before him—
The very elements seem in his interests.

KIFANG.

Yet I am much mistaken, OUSANGUEE,
Or his long wish'd-for ruin is at hand ;
And my much-mourn'd LAOTSE's death will prove
The last sad subject of his savage triumph.

OUSANGUEE,

I'm told, indeed, of late he's greatly thwarted
By those he most confided in—the Bonze—
Ev'n he—that priest—has dar'd to contradict him.

KIFANG.

O he's much crest-fall'n—I can see he is,
Spite of his big affecting—and he's as cause—
His old supporters, mouldring with corruption,
Begin to totter, as they'd soon fall from him,
Lest they and th' house shou'd make one common ruin.

OUSANGUEE,

But what avails it that the old ones fail him,
While fresh ones still are found to take their place—
Pardon, KIFANG—Who shall shun court attraction
If you can yield to be a fav'rite there ?
It much amazes all your friends, KIFANG !

KIFANG.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 45

KIFANG.

It does not less amaze myself, believe me,

OUSANGUER.

But what astonishes the most of all,
Is, that SIAKO shou'd employ his credit,
His utmost influence to get your son,
As is suppos'd, adopted by the king.

There's some state-fetch in this, or I'm deceiv'd.

KIFANG.

And so think I—his view of gaining me
Is only th' accessory to his purpose.

OUSANGUER.

No more—But what the ultimate design?
As yet I do not fathom it—mean while,
By all I see, his downfall must be near.

KIFANG.

To which, my friend, you greatly may contribute.

OUSANGUER.

I! I! contribute! Please you name as how?
My will shall be the servent of your pleasure.

KIFANG.

✓ The world long fames you skill'd in lights and shades,
Whose master-pencil can give colours life,
Limn the strong attitude and nervous meaning—

OUSANGUER.

No flatt'ry, pray—but to the point.

KIFANG.

'Tis this:

For the young prince a robe imperial's order'd,
Which I wou'd wish might be a piece of painting,
✓ Containing the whole story of his house.
As no one knows it better than your self,
Nor can so well delineate all the horrors,
. You shall about it instantly.

OUSANGUER.

With pleasure.

KIFANG.

46 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

✓ It shall be mine t' explain it to the king.

OUSANGUEE.

Good.

KIFANG.

In that closet you'll find all materials—

I'm sent for to SIAKO—If aught more

Shou'd chance occur, I'll let you know.

OUSANGUEE.

Adieu.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E changes to another apartment.

Enter SIAKO.

SIAKO.

Foul guilt was ever of a base extraction—

Parent of cowardice; as fear hard driv'n

Begets wild desperation, which in rule,

Ought to efface all moral sense and passion.

I've bid farewell to th' former long ago;

But such my tim'rous frame, my mountain fears

Will still be uppermost do what I can:

Let me shew all contempt, or all defiance;

Exult and triumph like a very Sophy,

Even then I tremble, and soon sink again

Into my native poverty of spirit.

How have I curs'd my dastard constitution,

That innocence itself would scarce embolden!

Sure I'm o'th'stamp o'th'first that gave the proverb!

I'm frightned at my shade—away these phantoms!

I have not one apparent cause for fear.

'Tis true, the Bonze has presum'd t' oppose me,

And

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 47

And there was ruin on his restive tongue ;
But then I've silenc'd him for ever for't.—
And yet methinks in ev'ry face red shame,
Rising in scarlet blushes at my actions,
Tells me I soon shall be abandon'd ! giv'n up !—
I feel a clammy cold ! the sweat o' death !
O pangs of mighty guilt ! this horrid moment—
Not a whole age of joy can compensate—
But this is not a time for moralising—
Danger at distance may i'th'end burst o'er me—
It asks mature reflection—let me see—
Say, shou'd the royal favour lag at last,
Be jaded out with obstinate support,
And yield to th' ceaseless clamour of my foes,
I'm lost most certain—What's my after-game ?
Suppose he be remov'd ? The thought is good :
Then will ensue a long minority—
That rivets me in pow'r again as regent—
It is the interest of KIFANG to close in't—
Why comes he not—O here he is—How now ?

Enter KIFANG.

What horror's that upon you ? speak the meaning.

KIFANG.

Pardon, my lord, appearing thus before you—
I'm apt to startle at a scene of blood—
Now as I pass'd the inner palace-garden,
I found the Bonze welt'ring on the turf,
A ghastly spectacle ! all over wounds !

SIAKO.

How's this ! assassins ! murder in the palace !
Thus are the king's best friends mark'd out for slaughter.
Even these dread walls afford no sanctuary—
This must be father'd on th' opposing lords— [Aside.
I trust, KIFANG, his life is not in danger.

KIFANG.

48 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KIFANG.

Alas ! I was not many moments with him
Ere he was past my aid.

SIAKO.

Without a word ?

Cou'd he not speak to name the foul assassin ?

KIFANG.

I see your drift in this ensnaring question ;
But I shall disappoint you. [Aside.] No, my lord—
He only spoke in groans, and then expir'd.

SIAKO.

That saves thy life. [Aside.] Alas ! I mourn the priest—
It grieves me much that he fell thus untimely—
All that on me depends shall strait be done,
To bring the Ruffians to the bar of justice.—
I am for justice still—and that impartial,
Distributive—Thou didst me signal service,
And I have made a royal retribution—
Thou seest thy issue fondled by the king,
Thro' me adopted—were he of his blood
He cou'd not love him more—But what of that ?
I take no merit from't—I cou'd not help it—
'Twas just, KIFANG ; and therefore 'twas I did it.

KIFANG.

How shall I bear these honours heap'd upon me,
Unless I learn your lordship's modest virtue !

SIAKO.

Yes, yes, KIFANG ! thy son will one day reign ;
Th' imperial diadem will grace his brow ;
Yet twenty years, if thou shou'dst live so long,
Thou'l see him glorious mount into a throne.
Gods ! what sublime sensations must thou feel,
To think, KIFANG ! that from thy subject loins
A numerous race of mighty kings will issue !
Nought can surpass the elevated thought,
Except thou saw'st him seated in his purple ;

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 49

In actual majesty—dispensing sov'reign rule—
But that's a hope too vain for thee or me—
The king, thou know'st is hale, robust of nature!

KIFANG.

He is, my lord—and may he long remain so.

SIAKO.

And yet, KIFANG! however I may have
My royal Master's welfare at my heart;
It cannot surely be a crime to wish
That I may live to see thy finish'd rapture.

KIFANG.

Alas, my lord! from an event uncertain
What can I hope for, but precarious joy?

SIAKO.

I own indeed, the king may change his mind;
Or fix his eye on some young dazzling charmer,
To give to *China* th' off-spring of his age—
A thousand accidents may blast thy hopes.

KIFANG.

I grant, my lord—

SIAKO.

Yet hast thou no ambition?

KIFANG.

A man must be imperfect to have none.

SIAKO.

Well then—I pray thee give me leave to ask thee,
If in the workings of thy tow'ring mind,
Ambition never does suggest thee aught
Might soon conduct thee to thy wishes summit?

KIFANG.

Forgive, my lord—I'm left to guess your meaning.

SIAKO.

Have I not giv'n thee proof I am thy friend?

KIFANG.

You have, my lord.

SIAKO.

50 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

SIAKO.

Sure, after what I've done,
I may deserve thy confidence, KIFANG.

KIFANG.

Please you inform me where I can deserve it?

SIAKO.

'Thou'rt skill'd in medicine—know it the various virtues,
As well the noxious qualities of plants—

KIFANG.

I see his purpose, and will seem t' approve it.

SIAKO.

Do'st understand me yet?

KIFANG.

Not quite, my lord.

SIAKO.

Shortly the king intends a course of physick—
'Tis in thy breast to finish thy ambition,
And make thy son, KIFANG, an infant-moharch.

KIFANG.

My lord, you're pleas'd to try your faithful slave—

SIAKO.

No, by the mighty fee, now, I do not!
Thou hast the litteral meaning of my heart,
Pure, undisguis'd, and without dark ref'res
To be depended on, KIFANG, as fate—
What man wou'd be a traitor to himself?
Our int'rests being one, I must be faithful—
Fidelity, when't executes itself,
There is no room remaining for suspicion—
Does not this satisfy?

KIFANG.

It does, my lord.

SIAKO.

Then haste thee, good KIFANG—exert thy art—
Instant some life-destroying draught prepare,
And give the empire from thy loins an heir.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 51

SCENE changes to a room of state.

Enter several mandarines.

1st MANDARINE.

Glory is lost, and vice is epidemick !
It seems as China's honour lay a gasping ;
Her vitals ebbing to a fatal period,
And virtue, valour, were to rise no more.

2d MANDARINE.

Indeed, my lord, so shameless are we grown,
Corruption now and cowardice are pleaded for,
As a cause worthy to be brought to trial,
And all that can debase an empire's cherish'd.
The noblest families we see destroy'd ;
Publick and private ruin open laugh at ;
The quipping joke is all our mis'ry's comfort,
And th' taunting mepace our complaints redress.

3d MANDARINE.

Are we not likewise prey'd upon like carrion,
By locust place-men and by martial drones ?
Are we not up to th' chin in debts and taxes ?
Trick'd where we trust, and hated where we love ?
By foe, and by ally, alike despis'd ?
Are we not drain'd by ev'ry state cathartick ?
By costly peaces, and expensive wars ?
As weak as fruitless, and alike destructive—
O China ! China ! what art thou reduc'd to !

1st MANDARINE.

Can moderation 'self see this unmov'd ?
Impossible ! — Who that cou'd see their mother
Brutally ravish'd, and be tame beholders ?
Our country is the mother of us all,

52 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Who calls aloud for Bowels of compassion,
And shall we not unite in filial vengeance,
Against th' invader of her fair-born freedom ?
Against her cankerer ? her foe profess'd—
Till now we only have complain'd at distance—
Here in a patriot body rang'd, my lords,
Let us, like faithful sons, await the king,
Renew th' attack, and storm the royal ear,
Till it benignly opens to her grievance ;
Her hourly insults, and her day-light plunders ;
Her rude barbarities, her sun-broad treasons ;
Nor meanly for one vain attempt desist—
I think, my lord, you said the brave VANSOU,
Grown of SIAKO's desp'rate cause ashame'd,
Now seems inclin'd to aid our glorious purpose ?

2d MANDARINE.

He did, my lord, e'en now—And see, he comes.

Enter VANSOU.

VANSOU.

The king, my lords, by secret impulse mov'd,
The timely falvo of his jealous honour,
Which cannot brook the shew of lordly dictate,
Consents to hear what 'tis you have to urge
Against th' accus'd SIAKO, face to face—
Your lordships please to sit, while I return
To give him notice of your being here.

[*Exit VANSOU.*

1st MANDARINE.

Now, now, my lords, the tongue of truth assist us !
With a becoming boldness to assert it ;
Unaw'd by one, unbrow-beat by the other—

AIR.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 53

A I R.

*Truth wou'd still be heard and told,
Wou'd be shewn i'th' strongest light :
Truth, like innocence, is bold ;
Coward falsehood deals in Night.*

Speech, like will, is free ;

2d MAND. *And ought to be.*

All. *And may it ever be !*

1st MAND. *Kings, unyielding of that right,
To truth's charms are strangers still ;
Ears were giv'n 'em stead of sight,
To pervade each publick ill.*

All. *Speech, like will, is free, &c.*

1st MANDARINE.

But hark, the king—and with him the smooth villain,
Cringing and fawning on the king as usual,
With a fly smiling insult in his looks,

Enter King, SIAKO, VANSOU, and guards.

KING.

You see, my lords, we have obey'd your summons,
As if we held of you in capite,
Or were your tributary, doing homage ;
And we shall hold our selves indebted greatly
For th' privilege of sleeping in our palace—
Whence all this outrage ? this unceasing clamour
Of mouths, of pens, against our faithful servants ?

SIAKO.

O pattern of the Emperor Supreme !
Of soul magnanimous, not to be shaken
By breath of foul detraction, plain 'tis seen thro' ;
The life o'th'Bonze satisfies not them :
Their keen vindictive and all-slaught'ring spirit

Secky

54 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Seeks for more blood, more carnage, more destruction !
Him they have murder'd—I'm to be the next—
I scarce expect the common right of trial—
The groundless accusation's still most furious—
But I've long learnt defiance of invective.

KING.

You hear, my lords, he dares you to fair proof
Of your soul charge—Who is't among you answers ?

MANDARINE.

O second to the Lord o'th'world's vast system !
Of nature brave, and, unmiss-led, as just !
Since you, O KIOHAMTI ! gracious deign
To be the umpire to decide between us,
We fear nor proof, nor yet SIAKO's malice,
Proof he expects, which we allow most just,
As far as full conviction will admit ;
For mal-administration is one-ey'd,
And will not lead to twofold broad detection,
Our proof, O KIOHAMTI ! then shall be
Strong, circumstantial, self-apparent proof,
And such as *China's* self can sadly witness—
We urge SIAKO to no other Proof
Of his malicious charge o'th'BONZE's murder.

KING.

You leave the point in question—speak to that.

MANDARINE.

First then, O KIOHAMTI ! we submit
Our proof presumptive, drawing from despair
No inconclusive argument of guilt.

KING.

Despair, my lords ! brought witness in a cause !
Unheard-of plea ! 'tis mockery o'th'tribunal.

SIAKO.

It's still their way, my liege, to rave and trifle—
They judge by theory, accuse by passion,
Condemn and hang by philosophick inf'rence—

R.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 55

Remember, good my lords, the king is present;
Whose dignity might learn you to be serious—
I hop'd t' have heard of matter more momentous.

KING.

Shallow! accusative impertinence!
Affrontive of our rank! unmanner'd trespass!
Think you, my lords, we've hours to lavish on you?
Away—we'll hear no more.

1st MANDARINE.

Pardon, my liege!
We humbly crave your patience yet a moment.
We lay no other stress upon despair
Than to illustrate our intended proof:
Despair implies one lost to hope and love;
And such we need not say are ever guilty.
Of all that wild extravagance can prompt to,
Now, that SIAKO is in deep'rate plight,
Blindly bewilder'd in a maze of follies,
Lost to all hope, and ev'ry good man's love,
Is manifest from all his public actings,
His tame submissions, fluctuating councils;
His strange, his world-amazing expeditions;
His every insolence, his ev'ry menace,
His ev'ry wretched shift proclaims it loud—

SIAKO.

Shoot, shoot, my lords, at me your poison'd shafts,
Nor wound the king with your licentious tongues—
Th' authority I act by you call folly—
Sure it were decenter to term it wisdom!

KING.

We wo'n't thus, my lords, be contradicted!
Nor have our measures canvass'd with ill manners—
Enough we know 'em all concerted wily—
Proceed, my lords, to more essential matter.

1st MANDARINE.

Next for our proof self-evident—wherein

The

56 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

The voice of *China* is concurrent with us :
That he has prostituted oft, and shameful,
The *Chinese* honour, is a truth too certain :
Even boys and nurses baul it as they pass :
That he's been lavish of the publick treasure,
Spent for a penny-worth of service, millions,
Is no less plain — That he has still promoted
Imposts oppressive — Precedents most dangerous,
Can mandarine or merchant make a doubt ?
And lastly, if it shall be found, my liege,
He has abused the royal confidence,
Arriv'd to such a magnitude of pow'r,
It is eclipsing to the crown, and dang'rous —

K I N G.

Dang'rous to me, my lords ! chimera all !
Who more subservient to me than SIAKO !
Who more submissive to rebuffs of passion !
He is a very foot-ball for forbearance,
That ne'er resists th' impelling hand or foot,
But kick'd, it falleth, to be kick'd again.

S I A K O.

And kick'd the more, the higher it will rise. [Afraid.]

K I N G.

Is it not so ? — What danger then from him ?
1st MANDARINE.

My gracious liege, who's dang'rous to his country,
Is no less formidable to his king.

K I N G.

Still, still my lords, I find you weak in proof —
*Tis declamation ! faint assertion all !
Bred of dull petulance and haggard envy —
Causeless appeal ! unworthy our attention !

1st MANDARINE.

O Emperor ! thou only All-supreme !
Still do'st thou stay thy vengeance on this wretch,
In punishment to *China* for some crime,

Some

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 57

Some antecedent crime, by her committed,
And not yet expiated? or reserve him
For thy own chastisement, as nought on earth
Cou'd torture equal to his high offendings? [Aside.

KING.

Let me embrace my trusty best SIAKO!
Thou hated, injur'd, and much envy'd man!
What retribution can they do thy wrong?
Still rest possessor of our secret bosom!
First in our ample confidence!—thy foes
From thy fair innocence shall take foul shame.

SIAKO.

Thus let me, prostrate, thank my king's decision,
Resemblance strong of justice all-supreme—
Nor shall I meanly triumph o'er my foes,
Tho' I might surely be indulg'd in asking
Where now my lords are all your proofs apparent?
Your big assurances of certain ruin?
'Tis yours to threaten—mine to live to hear it—
Methinks I grieve—indeed I do, my lords—
To see your menaces so often baffled—
Nought does so gall as impotence of malice—
Yet be it far from me t' insult the vanquish'd.

KING.

Your irony, SIAKO, is most just.

When next, my lords! you urge the royal speech,
Come arm'd with facts and reas'ning to impeach!
While weakly thus our servants you arraign,
You may accuse, but will accuse in vain.

[Exeunt omnes.]



58 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.



A C T V.

S C E N E, *an apartment in the palace.*

Enter 1st Mandarine, KIFANG, and OUSANGUEE with the robe.

KIFANG.

I'M proud, my lord, you like of the design.

OUSANGUEE.

All that cou'd my poor pencil, I have done.

MANDARINE.

Most exquisite ! a masterly performance !

Both in design and in the execution !

The horrid scenes you have describd to th' life :

The various havock bleeds anew o'th'robe ;

And if explain'd in time and place to th' king,

It cannot fail producing good effect.

KIFANG.

That part, my lord, I take upon myself :

And opportune, SIAKO's with the king.

Give me the robe ! I'll instant to the presence.

OUSANGUEE.

There, there, KIFANG—and with it my warm wishes.

[Gives the robe.]

KIFANG.

I trust, my lord, the mandarines, your friends,

Will wait the dubious issue here adjacent,

That I may have their wisdom in reserve.

T O A

MANDARIN.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 59

MANDARINE.

We wo'nt fail—already I foresee
China restor'd by you and OUSANGUEE :
'Twas ours to meet with disappointed zeal ;
'Tis giv'n to you to save the common-weal.

[Exit mandarine with OUSANGUEE :]

KIFANG at the opposite door.



SCENE changes to another apartment.

Enter KING, and SIAKO with papers.

KING.

Haste to the purport of the next dispatches !
How fares our army on the Tartar confines ?

SIAKO.

Still as before, my liege, it keeps encamp'd,
Having the rapid Kiou in its front.

KING.

How's this, SIAKO ! not yet pass'd the Kiou ?

SIAKO.

Thrice they effay'd, and were as oft defeated ;
By storms and hurricanes still intervening.

KING.

Talk not of storms and hurricanes to me !
I was in hopes t' have heard they'd been by this
I'th' very bowels of the enemy :
Already ravag'd half Tartaria's plains ;
Had been returning home with sumptuous spoils,
And her proud monarch bringing up the triumph.
Gods ! what a languid progress this of war !
We fight like children wishing to be parted.
Not pass'd the river yet ! I'll have 'em pass !
'Tis evident here's treachery i'th' case :

I 2

Or

60 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Or if neglect, it surely reaches treason.
Swell'd there an inundation o'er its banks :
Made it an ocean, they shou'd pass, or drown !
See that they pass, I say—

SIAKO.

They shall, my liege.

Enter KIFANG with the robe, and Lord VANSOU,

KIFANG.

Pardon, O KIOHAMTI ! if your slave
Presumes upon this hour of weighty purport,

KING.

There needs no smooth apology, KIFANG !
Thou find'st us taken up in trivial matter.

I see thou bring'st the robe we late commanded
For the young prince—approach—it seems most curious,

KIFANG.

I trust, befitting his illustrious rank—
The costliness the least,—'tis art's perfection.

KING.

✓ A robe of history-painting ! let me see—
Bold the design, and the expression strong !
First here's a man apparel'd in blue-ribbon,
Setting a dog on one that's dress'd in red,
In presence of another clad in purple,
Then here again, a man destroys the dog—
The man in red lies here a mangled corpse,
A little further, there, the man in blue,
Is writing with the hand of him in purple,
This seems the scene of some fell massacre !
Men, women, children, murder'd thick !
Adjoining to a house that's topsy-turvy—
The man in blue is guiding here again,
The hand of him in purple—Then there's one,
Who seems a hero, in profound distress,
Receiving from another's hand a dagger,

Here's

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 61

Here's a Physician with a chest of med'cines—
This is a beauteous lady all in tears,
Kneeling, and holding in her arms a child,
With several physick vials 'tween her fingers—
A captain here is seizing the physician,
And falling on his sword a little farther,
The man in blue again! confusion on him!
He comes so oft, he covers all the piece;
And were I to examine it much longer,
I cou'd nought utter but the man in blue!
He's writing here with a dead lady's hand—
There tort'ring by bamboo a grave old man—
Here he is cutting a poor babe in pieces;
There he is stabbing of a seeming churchman;
Then off'ring medicine to the man in purple,
Who is surrounded by vast crouds of people,
With hands uplifted, in beseeching posture—
Who has the meaning of this mystick painting?
✓ The man in blue is one of nature's monsters—
Does nought, SIAKO, in thy scope of reading
Afford materials towards explanation?

SIAKO.

My Liege, I've ransack'd ey'ry, treasur'd record,
But find not any thing will furnish light.

KING.

Nor thou, KIFANG, canst not thou unsable it?

KIFANG.

If you permit, my Liege, I'll do my best
With speech allow'd, and promise of forgivens^s,
For aught shall prove displeasing to my Liege.

(sub sif of KING.)

Thou hast it on our word—proceed with safety—

KIFANG.

In ancient time, my gracious Liege, it happen'd,
The man in blue, and he that's dress'd in red,
Were subjects to one king—To him in purple

Pow'rful

ed T

62 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Pow'rful he was—They both were mandarines :
One was of letters—th' other was o'th'army.
The former fear'd the latter's steady virtue,
Who, tho' a minister of war, was wont,
Amid th' allurements of a court, t' invoke
Heav'n's starry Monarch for the kingdom's welfare,
Free of all interested private motive.

K I N G.

This looks like OLOPOEN and SIAKO,
Who cou'd not brook, as minister, the gen'ral.

K I F A N G.

Long had this prey'd upon the man in blue,
Who was e'er jealous of superior worth :
Long had he vow'd the man in red's destruction :
At last, subservient to his aged malice,
A stratagem was laid of fiend-invention,
True ministerial, and thus put in action :
He artful dresses-up a man of straw,
In habit, face, resembling him in red :
He put i'th' belly th' entrails of a sheep,
And after plac'd him in a private garden.
The dog you see he caus'd to fast eight days,
Then let him out upon the man in straw,
Who quick devour'd the garbage was contain'd.
Twice fifty days he train'd him to this sport :
He then inform'd the king, there was a traitor,
A secret traitor, harbour'd in the palace,
Who had conspir'd against his sacred life :
On which the king ask'd hasty—Who's the man ?
To whom the man in blue made this reply :
My Liege this creature (pointing to the dog)
If so you please, the traitor shall discover.
Fir'd at this wond'rous loyalty of instinct,
Train'd as before, the dog was brought to th' presence,
Who taking him in red for th' man of straw,
Flew at him strait, but i'th' pursuit destroy'd—

The

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 63

The man you see that kills the dog, is one,
Whose life had been preserv'd by him in red.

K I N G.

Contrivance phoenix ! imposition horrid !
Such an experiment was made 'fore us :
The furious dog by OUSANGURE was kill'd,
Who had before been sav'd by OLOPEN :
It bears similitude in ev'ry feature ;
Warrants suspicion, and we will be doubtful :
A king that once has lost all use of doubting,
Puts his five senses in another's keeping,
Becomes a blank—the creature of a guide.
What says SIAKO to this twin-like semblance ?

S I A K O.

How came KIFANG by this earth-bury'd secret !

[Aside.]

I never cherish'd, that I know, a wish
To be the ruler of my Liege's judgment,
Which still acts principal in all our councils :
Nor is it new, nor yet a task so crabbed,
To dres-up parallels, nay forge 'em too,
And fashion history in such wrested sort,
As to make truth and falsehood, black or white,
Just as it serves to colour up a purpose.
I see invention has on this occasion
Outdone itself to hurt your faithful slave !
There's more behind, no doubt—KIFANG, go on—
Still our integrity shall be our trust.

K I F A N G.

The man in blue, i'th'ague fit of rage,
Which ever shakes at disappointed vengeance,
Dispatch'd assassins after him in red,
Who, as you see, is fall'n a sacrifice :
Then to compleat his all-vindictive spirit,
He swells the seeming treason to the king,
Who in the wrath of justice grants an order,

By

64 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

By which ensued the massacre presented,
That swept off full three hundred of both sexes,
All of the family of him in red,
Leaving th' illustrious name well-nigh extinct,
Of which this topsy-turvy mansion is the type.

K I N G.

We are deluded then ! it is flat forg'ry !

By th' All-supreme ! we granted no such order.

K I F A N G.

The painting so implies ; for he in blue
Is writing here with th' hand of him in purple.

K I N G.

Fatal implicit confidence of kings !
Counterfeit all ! of consequence most bloody !
Our order only reach'd to OLOPOEN,
No more importing than to have him seiz'd,
And brought before us for our self to tax him.
But didst thou not, thou sycophant impostor ?
Say OLOPOEN, conscious of his guilt,
Had stab'd himself ? and here he's vilely murder'd.

S I A K O.

O Impudence ! thou Goddess of evasion !
Th' expedient ready, and the barefac'd lye !
Aid thy devoted, or he's lost for ever !
What I then said, I do not now deny ;
Trusting, my Liege, for more material proof
Than what arises from faint light and shade.

K I N G.

What is't I feel ! what sudden impulse this !

KIAMOU so ! and so with AMAVANST !

'They're murder'd both, whom death, thou saidst, had
taken !

What is become of OLOPOEN's race ?

Like blasted fruit, are they then all destroy'd ?

K I F A N G.

All ! all !

K I N G.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 63

K I N G.

How grossly have I been abus'd !
And how my subjects butcher'd and oppres'd !
My blood runs chill—I'm freezing with confusion !
There wants no key t'explain this penicill'd fable ;
It has a meaning, and a horrid one :
The man in blue is thou, too trusted traitor !
Th' unhappy OLOPOEN he in red :
Our self is figur'd by the man in purple.
Here, our hand's forg'd again for some black purpose !
This hero in distress we take to be
Our son-in-law.

K I F A N G.

It is so meant, my Liege !
He had, with your pretended order, sent him
Three fatal gifts; a vial, cord, and dagger;
The prince submitted cheerful to your will,
(For real taking it) and chose the latter.

K I N G.

I feel a pleasurable sorrow for him !
A noble grief, that envies his brave virtue !
But who, KIFANG, is this physician here ?

K I F A N G.

It is, my gracious Liege, your loyal slave !
And now begins the part which I have acted.
In this black scene of cold-blood cruelty,
Study'd barbarity, and matchless treason ;
Which please you I'll relate brief as I can,
Adhering to strict truth, that even shall shame
Guilt; the most harden'd, into self-confession.

K I N G.

My soul is all impatience for the sequel.

K I F A N G.

Twas now about, the lady whom you see—

K

K I N G.

66 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KING.

Our daughter 'tis that's meant.

KIFANG.

The same, my Liege.

She now about brought into th'world an Orphan,
Nam'd by his Sire, ere born, the Orphan CAMHY.

KING.

CAMHY ! that's born in bitterness of sorrow !
In bitterness indeed ! he dy'd i'th'birth.

KIFANG.

Strait on the news her palace was strict guarded,
With orders not to suffer his escape,
On pain of death to any shou'd attempt it.

I, by a secret message, then was sent for
'T attend the princess ; whom I found in tears,
Lamenting for a loss was worth lamenting ;
Her gallant prince, her dearest bosom friend,
Her tender lover, and her constant husband.
Such med'cines as her case requir'd I offer'd :
Nought wou'd she take but a composing draught,
Earnest desiring I wou'd leave some vials,
Lest that I shou'd not have again admittance.
She then in moving, most pathetick terms,
Conjur'd me I wou'd bear away the infant,
Which, slighting of the peril, I attempted,
Putting th' illustrious babe i'th'med'cins-chest.

KING.

Hard lot of kings ! eternal they're deceiv'd !
He did not die i'th'birth then ?

KIFANG.

No, my Liege.

KING.

'Twas so SIAKO said—Go on, I pray.

KIFANG.

On this, with countenance serene and cheerful,
And all transported at dependence on me,

She

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 67

She snatch'd six vials, and ere I cou'd hinder,
Successively drank them up; which was her fate.

KING.

O monster of deceit! made up of fraud!
Thou hast a thousand tongues, and each is double!
Didst thou not tell me that she dy'd in child-bed,
Of grief occasion'd at her husband's treason,
In proof of which thou shew'd'st her hand's confession?
But said she nought, KIFANG?

KIFANG.

The last she spoke,
If any ask about me, says the princess,
Tell them I die of conjugal affection;
KIAMOU dead, I could not long survive him.
And tell, O tell, KIFANG! my royal father,
I die resign'd, with tenderness and duty,
Convinc'd, if aught seems cruel in our lot,
'Tis not to him, but to SIAKO owing.

KING.

No more, KIFANG! that part's too tender for me.
Say, what became of CAMHY! th' orphan prince?

KIFANG.

Vengeance pursu'd him, like his murder'd kin.

KING.

Then his turn's now—Thou merciless destroyer!
Thou foul delighter in our subjects havock!
Hast thou not left me one poor babe for heir?
Hast thou then snatch'd the last of all my race?
Th' adoption which we granted at thy suit
This instant we revoke—

KIFANG.

My Liege, your patience.

By night I bore the chest-imprison'd prince,
In hopes t'escape the surer, but was seiz'd,

KING.

Ay—now I give him over to be butcher'd—

K 2

Me-

68 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Methinks I see them mangling his poor limbs!
Bring us sh' adopted—He!—SIAKO's brat!
His life but mean atones the slaughter'd prince.

KIFANG. Spare me, my Liege, your ear but yet a moment I had
Brought 'fore the captain of the guards, 'fore SOSAN, I
He by a nice conjecture, keen surmise,
The babe discover'd, and I strait was seiz'd; so soon as
According to the robe.

KING. Poor hapless infant!

KIFANG. And now I thought indeed we both were lost,
E'en to a glimpse of hope.

KING. How escap'd you then?

KIFANG. The generous SOSAN—soldier truly brave→
Detesting the oppressions of SIAKO,
And scorning t'execute his savage orders,
Permitted our escape.

KING. O worthy SOSAN!

KIFANG. Further to seal the truth of his intentions,
And that no racks might force him to discover,
He the next moment fell upon his sword,
As here, my Liege, you may observe decyph'r'd.

KING. Thou glorious dis-obeyer of command!
Thou loyal victim of our house's safety!
Why lives he not to share our brightest honours?
But how, KIFANG? what measures took you next?

KIFANG. Our cares and pains, my Liege, not ended here:
Inform'd of our escape, again SIAKO.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. T 69

A new-forg'd order posted thro' the empire,
By which the infants-male, from six months old,
In three days time were all to be destroy'd,
On forfeiture of goods, as well as life ?
Setting a price, withal on th' Orphan's head.

K I N G.

O thou supreme of murderers detested !
Thou fell avenger ! dagger'd-hearted monster !
Thou art a very tempest of destruction,
Bearing all down it meets in opposition !
But was there no good subject in my kingdom
Had courage to dispute the savage edict ?

K I F A N G.

Please you to hear, my Liege — In this dilemma,
I bore my princely charge to old LAOTSE's ;
Him whom SIAKO's arts had driv'n from court.
It was agreed between us, in his room,
I there shou'd leave my only child, an infant,
And then inform 'twas he conceal'd the Orphan.
My Liege, I did so.

K I N G.

What a gen'rous compact !
Zeal in a father, and a subject matchless !

K I F A N G.

Cou'd I do less for China than to save
Not only th' Orphan, but the lives of millions ?
So many mothers blessings more than pay me.
Indeed LAOTSE's suff'rings mov'd me greatly ;

K I N G.

He's represented here by th' grave old man ?

K I F A N G.

He is, my Liege ! he bore a thousand torments ;
Nor less it earn'd me to behold my child
Before my face all mangled by SIAKO.
See here the scene.

K I N G.

70 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KING.

O sight of freezing horror !

SIAKO.

If't be permitted me, my gracious Liege,
To make defence, I beg to ask KIFANG,
Who in this cause is witness and accuser,
What other evidence he has to offer,
In proof of this sad tale of witty scandal ?

KIFANG.

The very bosom of thy schemes—the Bonze,
Who is the same with this stabb'd churchman here :
Him, him I bring an evidence against thee,
Whose services were also paid by ruffians,
For some unseason'd opposition to thee.
Just as he fell I pass'd—and then he told me
What you have heard—If that suffices not,
The murderers themselves, who are secur'd,
Are ready to attest he set them on.
The last remaining head of accusation
Regards, my Liege, dread KIOHAM-TI's self.

KING.

How regards me, KIFANG ! it all regards me.

KIFANG.

Particular, my Liege, your sacred person.
Having adopted, as he thought, my child,
And bound me to him by a tye unfailing ;
Being, too, conscious of his tott'ring station ;
Haunted withal by night-disturbing fears,
Lest that the royal favour shou'd decline ;
All this he ponder'd in his anxious mind ;
So to secure himself an after-game,
And fill the measure of his bulky crimes,
He urg'd me to remove my Liege by poison ;
As is express'd by what is offer'd here
To th' man in purple ; and I take, my Liege,
The late defeated mand'rines are imply'd,
By th' crouds surrounding with uplifted hands.

KING.

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 71

KING.

Where are they now, those truly faithful subjects?

VANSOU.

My Liege! it happens that they wait without.

KING.

Let 'em be strait admitted to our presence.

[Exit VANSOU.]

We wo'nt any longer be coop'd-up;
Nor shall our palace have the bolt against them;
But as an hospital receives the sick,
That shall be open to our kingdom's grievance.

Re-enter VANSOU with mandarines, and OUSANGUEE.

Let me embrace my best of friends and subjects!
How do I now admire your honest zeal!
How nobly daring did you urge the truth!

1st MANDARINE.

Truth shou'd be bold when kingdoms are at stake,
And silence then were treason in a subject.

KING.

My lords, how happy do I hold myself!
Without such subjects what wou'd be a king!
Tool of his vassal, creature of his creature!
Why did I trust! why was I deaf so long!
Murmur was ripe! full blown was discontent!
Gods, what a 'scape has *China* had! even brought
To th' brink of tumult and of civil broil!
Brought to this perilous alternative;
✓ *China* must perish if SIAKO do not.—
Well—but the after-game, KIFANG! how's that?

KIFANG.

A minor king, he said, wou'd make him regent,
And leave him to re-act his foul oppressions—
This was his drift, deny it if he can.

KING.

70 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

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KING.

72 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

KING.

Thou regicide ! thou murderer and thou traitor !
Thou squanderer ! embezler and oppressor !
Thou complication of all villainy !
What canst thou urge against this glaring proof ?

SI AKO.

If I am ruin'd, if I stand convicted,
'Tis for your sake, my Liege, that I'm undone :
And this I know—your enemies are mine.

KING.

Seize the audacious wretch ! dar'st thou presume
To make thy king a party in thy crimes !

[Guards seize him.

Now this to me is very felon-language ;
The wretched cant of ev'ry state-offender ;
The last faint struggle of despairing guilt ;
No more thou shalt impose on king or kingdom ;
No more the thread-bare terms of foe and traitor,
E'er at thy tongue, shall work thy impious purpose.
Bring us the Orphan ! He shall be reveng'd :

[Exit KIFANG.]

To you, my lords, and China we'll do justice.

AIR.

1st MANDARINE.

Hark ! blessing millions hail the welcome sound !
O'er each bowl the glad tidings go round :

Jubilation

Thro' the nation !

From peasant and peer

Acclamations you hear :

The sea be disgrac'd,

The land be oppress'd,

Joy all

In his fall !

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 73

*See Infamy drooping !
Mean cringing and stooping !
Hence Glory new rising,
And China the Tartar despising.*

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy the hour
He's stript of his pow'r ;
His fate
None regret,
Or repine, saving those
Who to China are foes.*

Re-enter KIFANG with the Orphan.

KING.

Give me the little sufferer to my arms !
In dangers born, and rugged hardships nurs'd ;
Thou art a hero from thy very cradle !
Yes—we will fondle !—hug thee !—See these two ;
Here's thy preserver ! There is thy destroyer !
A frown of anger bends his brow at one ;
A grateful smile sits on his cheek at t'other.
'Tis just, KIFANG ! thou hast preserv'd his house.

KIFANG.

His is preserv'd—mirth's left without support. [Aside.

KING,

Mark, mark, dear babe, the sentence we pass on him :
Fall on thy knees ! and hear thy accusation :
First—Forasmuch as thou'rt become enormous
In pow'r, o'er-topping majesty itself,
Leaving to us the shadow of it only,
Which doth reflect dishonour to our crown,
And even begins to threaten danger to it :
I' th' second place, because it plain appears,
That thou hast lessen'd us i' th' publick eye,

L

Set

74 THE CHINESE ORPHAN.

Set us at long and dang'rous enmity
By artful tales, insinuating slander,
And giv'n our sanction to thy grievous actings :
I'th' next, because with cruelty unequall'd,
Thou hast destroy'd whole counties of our subjects,
And th' Orphan's butcher'd house cries loud for ven-
geance :
And lastly—Forasmuch as thou hast rais'd
Many and great disorders in our kingdom,
Fomenting murmurs 'stead of stilling them ;
Drain'd it at home, entangled it abroad ;
Wasted its wealth, and tarnish'd its bright glory :
For these misdoings of the blackest sort,
Which heav'n ne'er suffers to escape unpunish'd,
First, Let his family be all extinguish'd,
Without distinction ; without sparing one.
Next, that the wretch may die by slow degrees,
And with the same contempt with which he liv'd,
Let him be stretch'd upon a wooden ass,
And his flesh cut into as many pieces
As shall be found to tally with his crimes ;
Then to the publick compacts he has made,
Let the like number be nail'd up together,
T'adorn some post o'th' open market-place.
And when no more remains of skin and flesh,
Let the foul head be sever'd from the trunk,
And fix'd to publick view upon a pole ;
Then let the entrails and the trunk be scatter'd
'Long the highways, to serve as food for carrion.—
Bear hence the pris'ner to his instant-fate :
To you, my lord VANSOU, we give in charge
To see our will perform'd in ev'ry part ;
Which when you've done, and made us due report,
We will reward your faithful execution.

[Exit SIAKO guarded.]

Mean

THE CHINESE ORPHAN. 75

Mean while, in order to compleat our justice,
We rank the son of SOSAN 'mong our gen'rals ;
A stately tomb we'll raise to good LAOTSE ;
And him, who pencil'd this historic robe—

KI FANG.

"Twas OUSANGUEE. [Pointing to him.

KING.

To thee then we bestow

Part of the huge amassings of SIAKO ;
And that thy skill be known to after-ages,
The robe shall be preserv'd a curious relique.
To thee, KIEANG ! our family's preserver,
We give the rest pertaining to the minion,
And constitute thee mandarine of Tsin,
As well the governor of little CAMHY.
The best return to *China* we can make,
And you, my lords, for our too partial favour,
Is to make known our sense of what is past :

The mighty ills we've sadly seen to-night,
Not on the king, but on the fav'rite light :
Yet who too weakly delegates his trust,
And gives his pow'r up to another's lust ;
Is deaf t'accusers, blind to ev'ry wrong,
Stiff in support, and persevering long ;
Sees subjects drain'd, their blood and treasure spilt,
Who will decide, he bears no part o'th' guilt ?
Henceforward be our favour less confin'd ;
Our care to govern with enquiring mind ;
Confide, yet doubt—and credit what we see—
From minions thus a kingdom shall be free,
And all due honour paid to majesty.

F I N I S.

THE MANTU AND THE VINDICATE

Advertisement.

TO satisfy the Impatience of the Subscribers to Mr. HATCHETT's *Dramatic Pieces*, he has thought proper to publish this *Chinese Tragedy* in Part: The Remainder is entirely ready for the Press, and shall be publish'd with all possible Expedition.



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